1315
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Magdalen-Grove:

OR, A

DIALOGUE

Between the

DOCTOR *and the* DEVIL.

OXFORD — Univ. of Oxford — Magdalen Coll.

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OR, A

DIALOGUE

Between the

Doctor and the *Devil.*

Written in *February* in the Year 1713. and found among the Papers of a Gentleman deceas'd.

Humbly Dedicated

To the Author and Admirers of the *Apparition*, a Poem.

Well met, quoth the Devil to the Collier.
Book of *Engliſh* Proverbs.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Carrett* near St. *Paul's.*

(Price Three-pence.)

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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WHEN the Sun darting gentle Weſtern Light,
Informs fair *Oxford* of approaching (Night;
Releas'd from poring Labours of the Day,
Her weary'd Youth for Recreation ſtray;
Juſt as his ruling Genius each conſtrains,
To wet the Whiſtle, or to purge the Reins;
Till fatally alarm'd by mighty *Tom*,
Or ſcar'd with *Velvet Sleeves* they ſcamper home.

But others elevated to Degrees,
Above Heav'n's Laws or Univerſity's,
Ne'er flinch till jaded Nature dares reproach,
Surfeit their only Check upon Debauch.

'Twas

'Twas now paſt Dead of Night, and the pale Moon
With dim decreaſing Luſtre faintly ſhone;
And here and there the Gleam a Candle made,
The Room of ſome *Probationer* betray'd;
When **Holy Club** diſpers'd, the Members reel
To College, full of Liquor as of Zeal.
The **Doctor** miſſing his, did onwards move,
To meditate himſelf into the Grove.

Juſt entring on Soliloquy, he ken'd
The **Devil** muſing at the other End,
An Eccleſiaſtick Form bely'd the Fiend.

Said he, advancing, (Lord! he little knew)
What Brother of the *Order* pray are you?
From whence this Dialogue did ſtrait enſue.

Dev. One gifted like thy ſelf, whoſe whole Employ
Is Mankind's Weal and Quiet to annoy;
To blow ſmall Heats and Conteſts into Blaze,
And pride in the Diſorder which I raiſe:
In fine, I'm King of *Hell*---- Nay, hold, don't fear!
Tho' thence, I come not yet to fetch thee there.
No, by my ſelf! but purely as thou'lt ſee,
On a kind Viſit, *Doctor*, 'Faith to thee.

Doct. Pardon, dread Prince! and think this Coward Deed
Did from ought elſe but *Whigiſm* proceed;
For 'tis my Principle, you know it well,
I love a Tyrant, tho' he be of *Hell*.—

Yet

Yet pray (if I may but ſo far preſume)
How is it that in ſuch a Garb you come?
'Twas never made for you; or if it were,
Hell has no need of Chaplains one may ſwear.

Dev. None—elſe I trow be thou by me aſſur'd,
To thee a Place had been long ſince ſecur'd.
The Riots of thy *Mob* againſt *Hell*'s Pow'rs
Had ill prevail'd; we wou'd have had thee ours.
But what, my Son! Did'ſt thou too think it ſtrange,
That I ſometimes ſhould in this Habit range?
'Tis ſtill my way ſucceſsful to patrole;
Of old amongſt the *Sons of God* I ſtole;
And later Times my Plots have rarely fear'd,
But when I as his Miniſter appear'd.
I now in paltry *Greenſhields Scotland* warm,
Perſuading Numbers in my Cauſe to arm;
Elſe truſt me he has no more Title there
T' attack th' Eſtabliſh'd Form than *Burgeſs* here.
Full oft has *Ireland* too in *Higgins* ſeen
My Arts, my Geſture, and my very Mien;
Has often heard me curſe, and threat our Foes,
* To *ſlit their Ears*, and *pull 'em by the Noſe*.
And thou thy ſelf, to Ill however prone,
Couldſt thou in *England* what thou did'ſt alone?
When thou did'ſt thy *Falſe-Brethren* Sermon pen,
Think'ſt thou the *Devil* was not in thee then?

---

* *See the* Political State *of* Great-Britain *for* March 1712. *in the Caſe of the Lord* Santry.

Learn

Learn to judge better of thy ſelf and me,
Innately ill thou art as Man can be;
Yet had not I my Grace diſtill'd within,
Thou'dſt been no more than others might have been.

Doct. I own *Hell*'s Influence my each Action ſped;
And let it (what of all Things moſt I dread)
Be loſt, if ought *blaſphemous* I have ſaid.

Dev. Enough of that, dear Rogue, for Harm there's none,
—But to the Buſineſs which I came upon.
The *three* long Years are out at laſt; and oh!
The Joy and Triumph of the World below!
Diſcord her thouſand Mouths (harmonious Noiſe!)
Of her *Apoſtle*'s Liberty employs;
And to attend thee gladſome ſhe prepares;
And Tranſport in her *Powlet* Eye-balls glares.
Her ſnaky Locks inteſtine Feuds diſmiſs,
And curling in each other ſportive hiſs.
The very Crawls with which her Waſte is bound
Feel ſympathetick Joy, and hobble round.
Ev'n *Perſecution* now, in hopes to ſee
Her ſelf recall'd to Earth by Means of thee,
Trembles with Eagerneſs, diſtends her Paws,
And roars, and grins, and licks her * *Hill*-like Jaws.

* *There is a certain Church of* England *Papiſt* (*as in a late Book he has ſhewn himſelf*) *of this Name: Such as are curious to know why he is here alluded to in this Manner, may have recourſe to a Pamphlet* (*written by himſelf*) *giving an Account of his fanatical and enthuſiaſtick Proſecution of the Bookſellers of* The Rights of the Church.

So

So th' other *Fiends*— On thee are all their Eyes;
Mark then what *Hell* expects, and I adviſe.

Doct. And who indeed deſerves Regard as I?
Or on what other Wight can *Hell* rely?
Abel, my Lord, and Swift too, tho' they be
True blue, yet are not to compare with me.
'Twas I, 'twas I had Courage to revile,
When at their Height, the Patriots of our Iſle,
The Junto; (for to them our Bane we ow'd,
Of Peace at home, and Victory abroad)
Now ſafe from their Reſentment theſe can riſe;
But where were then their Slanders and their Lies?
I gave the Foil, and they do but purſue;
To whom then, tell me, is the Pref'rence due?

Dev. Conſcious of thy ſuperior Worth, they claim
But to be next thee in ignoble Fame.
All grant thee peerleſs, and ev'n I muſt own,
(I who the World e'er ſince it was have known)
On more accompliſh'd Rogue the Sun ne'er ſhone.

Doct. When that ſame Junto wou'd no Bounds propoſe
To *Britiſh* Triumphs, and to *Gallick* Woes,
Our *Tory* Tribe perceiv'd ſuch Power in *State*
Unbroke wou'd Danger to the *Church* create.
The diſmal Caſe all heartily deplor'd,
But I alone cou'd Remedy afford;
I only open'd loud enough to rouze
The ſofted Nation from her damn'd Repoſe;
I clear'd her Eyes, to ſee her ſelf upon
The Brink of Ruin, tho' ſhe dreamt of none:

I hit her Sores, and prov'd in ſmart Harangue,
That all her Plagues from *Revolution* ſprang:
Nay more, that ſome had the audacious Aim
On her for ever to intail the ſame;
Then pointed out the Cheif in *Church* and *State*,
The People's very Idols, to their Hate.
Now *Lambeth*'s Merit cou'd no more be heard,
Nor for his Station nor himſelf rever'd;
And *Worc'ſter*'s next to ſacred hoary Head
Now cou'd not from Abuſe Exemption plead:
Our *Nazianzen*, painful *Burnet*, too
With wonted Fury we afreſh purſue;
Ev'n Death oppos'd our Violence in vain,
Nor cou'd for *Tillotſon* Indulgence gain;
Nor being *honeſt*, *wiſe*, *ſagacious*, *brave*,
GODOLPHIN, SOMERS, COWPER, CHURCHILL ſave.

Dev. Curſe on 'em! How their Names I yet (deteſt;
They and their Fellows were my Foes profeſt.
When *James* my Servant by their Arts had fail'd,
And *William* and the Cauſe of *Heaven* prevail'd,
What did I not my Empire to regain?
While all I did (by them oppos'd) was vain:
Invaſions, *Plots*, and whate'er elſe beſide
Hell or her Agents cou'd invent, we try'd;
And oft, I truſt, this GROVE has ſeen me riſe,
Thy Predeceſſor *Charnock* to adviſe.
But tho' at laſt we broke th' *Uſurper*'s Heart,
Yet they ſtill ſtood their Ground with double Art;

And

And ſpite of * *Searchers* and *Impeachments* gain'd,
Their Maſter's Honour and their own maintain'd:
Nor (what was threat'ning) rul'd they him alone,
But *Ann*, whom long thy Party thought their own,
By the ſame Councils ſway'd, with Eaſe inclines
To tread his Steps, and dare the ſame Deſigns.

Doct. Of dire Deſigns, as dictated by you,
I and my Tribe have oft declaim'd, 'tis true.
There lay our Strength; and ſtill when Reaſon ply'd,
—But your *Deſigns!* your damn'd *Deſigns!* we cry'd.
Now that theſe ſtrange *Deſigns* no longer are,
May I be bold to queſtion what they were?

Dev. My Talk on Earth thou knoweſt as well as I,
Is in a word *Religion* to deſtroy;
That ſo Earth's Forces join'd to thoſe of *Hell*,
I may once more ſtorm Heav'n from whence I fell.
To this Intent all my old Wiles in vain,
That *Paganiſm* or *Popery* could feign;
I fix'd of late on the tyrannick Scheme,
Which grown a Doctrine wou'd fulfil my Aim;

---

* *The ſearching of King* William's *Papers, on Pretence of his having laid a Deſign to exclude her preſent Majeſty from the Succeſſion.*

For well I wot, if Kings were held *Divine*,
But one *poſſeſs'd*, the World would ſoon be mine.

Doct. And was it this for which we fought indeed?
Good Faith, your Highneſs wiſely did proceed,
To veil your Councils from our tender Eye,
And ſet us on, like Cocks, we knew not why.
Had I my ſelf this Iſſue firſt foreſeen,
Ev'n I (a Novice) might have ſqueamiſh been.
But that's now paſt, and I inſiſt on't ſtill,
My Cauſe was good, deny it he that will:
Help'd I *Religion* to deſtroy?—Once more
I'll do't, defending what I did before.

Dev. Yet againſt this the **Junto** ſtill deſign'd,
Nor under *William* more than *Ann* combin'd;
Combin'd ev'n under *Ann* (reſolv'd to ſave
Religion from the Wounds *Religion* gave)
In forming what the *Union* now they ſtile,
The *Mungril-Union* gave my Hopes the Foil,
The deepeſt Blow I've felt within this Iſle!

Doct. Sure you had then a Deviliſh Card (to play!
Dev. Stun'd and confounded for awhile I lay,
As when I firſt was hurl'd from Realms of Day;
Yet ſoon again my former Arts renew'd,
But was again o'ercome, again ſubdu'd.
Tho' freſh *Invaſions* and freſh *Plots* I deal,
Nor *Plots* nor ev'n *Invaſions* ought avail.
My *Plots* unhatch'd were broken in the Shell,
And *Verres* ſelf, tho' in Sheep's Cloathing, fell.

In-

Invaſions too did *Lewis* ill become,
Himſelf invaded as he was at home.
What now remain'd? 'Twas idle to oppoſe;
When lo! my better Plague at length thou roſe,
Thou, my *Reſtorer!*— But thy ſelf canſt beſt
Do thy ſelf Juſtice, and recount the reſt.
Proceed; for tho' thy Fame my Regions fill,
Yet pleaſing Facts twice heard are pleaſing ſtill.
True, *Hell* already has thy Merits own'd,
From the leaſt *Damn'd* to ev'ry *Fiend* enthron'd.
Bonefires extraord'nary were lighted high,
And artful *Rockets* ſparkle in our Sky;
Each to the *Doctor* and his *Church* a Draught,
Full Bumper-deep of liquid Sulphur quaft;
Then with a Peal of Blows our Breaſts reſound,
And an applauding Groan was eccho'd round.
Pride did a Fan with thy Effigies wave,
And now and then a wanton Buſs ſhe gave;
Thy Gold-wrought Name in *Luſt*'s ſilk Garters ſhone,
And a S——l Buckle bound her Zone.
But all theſe Honours and Applauſes o'er,
Perhaps I ſtill deſign thee ſomething more,
And therefore I thy Story now implore.

Doct. Truce with your Ceremony, courteous Prince!
So many Words there needs not to convince.
I am not ſhy of what I thus cou'd dare,
The World I humbly gueſs will witneſs bear.
All my Pariſhioners at leaſt have heard
Each twenty times my Worth by me averr'd:
And ev'ry Midwife and good Woman knows
The *Grindals* and *Volpones* I expoſe.

But

But— Had not *Mordaunt* been recall'd from *Spain*,
His Services had ſu'd for Thanks in vain;
Prior had ſtarv'd, had he not been diſgrac'd,
And 'twas Impeachment firſt gave me a Taſte.
For ſtrait the dull Aſſerters of the Laws
Diſcern'd th' approaching Ruin of their Cauſe;
They weigh what Strength on either Side appears,
Afraid of ours, yet confident of theirs;
To put it upon Combat they agree,
And vote 'Squire *Ketch* their Champion againſt me.
But pray behold! how their ill Fate decreed!
They regularly muſt, forſooth! proceed;
And (whate'er Privilege my Senate claims
To damn unheard ev'n *Fleetwood* to the Flames)
Firſt prove my Miſdemeanours to my Face,
E'er ought were further acted in the Caſe.
This made me publick; ſmitten with my Fame,
Friends from all Quarters to my Reſcue came;
Th' impenetrable Bullies of the Gown,
And all the Punks and Rakehells of the Town.
No more I fear'd what quick Work might have done,
For well I ſaw the Day I now had won;
To baffle Juſtice Riot ſeldom fails,
And Noiſe full oft o'er Argument prevails.

Dev. Thy *Tryal* proves thy Words; and there we found
What efficacious Force is lodg'd in Sound;
How a Bead-roll of Jargon can confute,
And Terms, meer Terms, are potent in Diſpute.

Such

Such are *Lukewarm*, *Fanatick*, *Right Divine*,
Antimonarchical and *Stuart-Line!*
As *Piſtol* cock'd in *Band-box* lay perdue,
(A *Tory* Tale— and therefore wond'rous true)
In each of theſe, (my Lord knows how) is pent
Whole Strings of moſt concluſive Argument;
Such Argument, and ſo concluſive too,
As poor unknowing Reaſon never knew!

Doct. Hold, *Devil*, by your Leave 'tis mine to tell
What I have ſtudy'd and perform'd ſo well—
Why! One of them, when with nice Art apply'd,
Shall Man's own ſelf ev'n from himſelf divide;
And (like the fam'd imaginary Stone
That gives to Metals Natures not their own)
To rank *Republican* convert a *King*,
And *paſſive* Slaves from * *Conventicle* bring:
In *Rebel Prieſts*, againſt their *Biſhops* join'd,
Aſſerters of *Epiſcopacy* find;
Yet make ev'n *Biſhops*, who ſuch *Schiſms* oppoſe,
Friends to *Presbit'ry*, and their *Church*'s Foes.

Dev. 'Tis wond'rous fine! and we in Time may view
Political *Tranſubſtantiation* too:
At leaſt ſuch pious Riddles may once more
The Sacramental to this Iſle reſtore;
For who ſhall theſe Abſurdities receive,
What after (ſhew me) can he not believe?

---

* *Lord* O—— *and* H—— *were both* (*as is ſaid*) *educated Diſſenters.*

But

But Bigot *Hicks* more fitly that may tell,
And thou go on with what thy ſelf befel.

Doct. At length the *Senate* did their Weakneſs ſee,
And found they cou'd not dare to ſentence me,
More than (pretending Rev'rence to my *Cloth*)
Three Years to hold my Finger in my Mouth.
I laugh'd at this, and that it might be ſeen
I was above their Cenſure as their Spleen,
In glorious Triumph thro' the Nation rode,
Hug'd by the Squires, and worſhip'd by the Croud;
And ſtill with Pleaſure found where'er I came,
Confuſion, Riot and Debauch the ſame.

Dev. Dear precious Raſcal! Let us cloſe embrace,
And laugh, devoutly laugh thus Face to Face!
When firſt I ſaw thee (I remember well,
'Twas at the Time when *Parker* ment to Hell)
Aptly in warm Debate I chanc'd to find
Thee and thy old *Fanatick Landreſs* join'd.
Her Quart'rage was the Subject in Diſpute,
And hard ſhe preſs'd the Juſtice of her Suit.
But with ſuch Brim-full Zeal, without Reſerve,
Moſt orthodoxly thou didſt bid her ſtarve;
Pleading a charitable Impulſe too,
A God's Name to defraud her of her Due;
And ſtamping, curſing, foaming o'er with Spite,
Put her and the By-ſtanders all to Flight;
That ſtrait, tho' young and unimprov'd by Art,
Thence thou becam'ſt the Darling of my Heart.

By

By *Hell!* ſaid I, this Youth was never made
To bite his Nails, and linger in a Shade;
Nor with a clumſy *College* Pride o'ergrown,
Sleep Life out here a *ſtatutable* Drone—
The Nich then leaving with what Haſte I could,
Where I in Form of an old Image ſtood;
Perching inviſible upon thy Head,
Around thy Brain a noiſome Fume I ſhed,
Bleſs'd thee, and bid thee ſtrait ſupply the *Dead.*

Doct. And have I not well liſten'd to his Lore?
Have I not done whatev'er he did, and more?
I think ſo— And from what does next enſue,
Your Highneſs, I preſume, will think ſo too.
For now the Men of State, that durſt excite
Our *Tory* Rage, began to prove our Spite.
Firſt *Sunderland* was forc'd to quit his Place,
Then in a Lump the reſt drop'd to Diſgrace.
Churchill indeed remain'd awhile unmov'd,
So by the *Subjects* and the *Monarch* lov'd.
What cou'd be done?-Scarce poſſible it ſhew'd
The glaring Splendor of the Reign to cloud;
Yet that muſt be, or he be left in Pow'r,
So all prove fruitleſs which we did before.
But what's too hard for Malice to o'erthrow?
Or what can not * rapacious *Verres* do?
Sure was his Vengeance, tho' the Stroke was ſlow.

---

* *See* Garth's Diſpenſary, *in the Character of Envy*, Canto II.

Nor the Sword only did he from him wreſt,
But ev'n of *Common Honeſty* diveſt;
(Not by dull *Legal* Proof, but vile Report
Spread thro' the Land, and— *ſupple Speech* at Court)
And ſo at once the neareſt Way remove
The *Sovereign*'s Favour and the *People*'s Love.
And thus did I this wond'rous *Change* begin,
Cauſe of the bleſſed Plight we now are in;
For tho' 'twas he who the laſt *Fiat* gave,
I made Things fit th' Impreſſion to receive:
So e'er a Seal can ſtamp the Coat or Name,
The Wax muſt firſt be ſoften'd in a Flame.
He Hang-man like diſpatch'd the Good and Great,
But I the Judge before pronounc'd their Fate.

Dev. And haſt thou no Preferment yet obtain'd?

Doct. None but a Thing my Pride has long diſdain'd;
A poor *Welſh Vicarage*, a paltry Place,
That not a little does my Worth diſgrace.
A *Boy*, to whom I Education gave,
Did with ſuch Homage my Acceptance crave,
I might not well refuſe him— Honeſt Elf!
He labour'd to requite me *for himſelf*.
'Twas all he cou'd— And for the reſt, I trow!
I'm juſt the ſame I was *three Years* ago.

Dev. Hell! what Ingratitude! Good Faith 'tis ſtrange
All their late Praiſe to empty Froth ſhou'd change!

I thought the *Landed* Men, for Love of thee,
Wou'd ev'n have outed their own Progeny;
Nay, durſt have ſworn that ſome *Non-compos* were,
Purely that thou might'ſt ſtrait commence their Heir.
How comes it then the *Pillar* of the *Church*
Shou'd thus be left neglected in the Lurch?
Have they now, after all their Fondling paſt,
Diſcern'd thou art my *Tool* indeed at laſt?
Or elſe their Treats to thee in better Mood,
With the *Election*-Struggles that enſu'd,
May now compel 'em thro' unhappy Straits
To ſell their *Benefices* or *Eſtates*;
While thou depending on thy Worth, my Son!

Doct. And *Hell*'s weak Int'reſt, am (it ſeems) undone.

Dev. Hold— And attend to what I now declare—
I have conſider'd of this grand Affair;
And ſadly find their Slight, tho' ſhewn to thee,
Reflects obliquely upon *Hell* and me;
And never more will Man our Call regard,
If Villany like thine ſhou'd want Reward.
I therefore have reſolv'd from this ſame Hour
To dare for thee the utmoſt of my Pow'r.
For this I muſt thy *Loyal Commons* try,
And wholly on their Vigilance rely:
Their Vigilance will find ſome Means to ſhow
Th' Eſteem that they to their * *Creator* owe.

* *This Title he has often pleas'd to give himſelf in publick Converſation, among ſuch as he thought his Friends.*

At worſt, one ſmooth *Addreſs* ſhall ſoon inſure
Saint Andrew's, or perchance ſome better *Cure*;
Where thou may'ſt plump awhile, in Hopes to view
As Matters drive, a *Mitre* next enſue.
Dyer, my Scribe, ſhall put 'em ſtrait in mind,
And * tell it as a Thing they have deſign'd.
My ſelf mean time (for ſoon they ſit) will hye,
The hot *Young Fellows* of the *Houſe* to ply.
To them I'll urge how the late Men in Place,
So for their *Hoadly* ſought the *Monarch*'s Grace;
And ſince thy *Billinſgate* his *Proofs* o'erthrew,
Since thy hard *Front* more than his *Head* cou'd do,
It follows plain, by *Tory* Conſequence,
That thou to equal Notice haſt Pretence.
Thus if I can but one of theſe requeſt
To make the Motion— Never doubt the reſt.
Sooner ſhall *bloody Mindleheim* attain
To rival *Ormond*'s *peaceable* Campaign;
Briſtol the *Barrier* ſooner ſhall † reſtore,
That Traytor *Townſend* baſely ſign'd before;

---

* *This Scribler actually did ſo in one of his Letters, immediately before their Seſſion, at that Time.*

† *My Lord* Nottingham, *in the* 11*th Page of his* State of the Nation, *ſays*, The *Dutch* are promis'd their Barrier very little worſe than it was before ſtipulated in the Year 1709, &c.

Saint John Adult'ry love, or *Diſſing Leeds*
Or *brave Argile* to ſnarl at Hero's Deeds:
All theſe Impoſſibles ſhall ſooner be,
Than I abandon or thy Cauſe or thee.

Doct. Thanks, *Rev'rend Prince!* from your devoted Slave,
You Great *Melchizedeck* of *Hell!* receive.
The Warmth I ſhew'd was in your Service ſhown,
If you are pleas'd, 'tis Recompence alone.
And oh! that I may but ſo happy be,
As the wiſh'd Iſſue of the whole to ſee!
For ſtill our Hopes are by the *Faction* lower'd,
They'll die e'er they'll ſee *Tyranny* reſtor'd:
They're num'rous too as we, and urge the Claims
Of HANOVER as loud as we of **James**.
Both Sides thus obſtinate, we know not well
How Things will end—Canſt thou, dear *Devil*, tell?

Dev. Thou grow'ſt familiar, and I muſt be gone
Abruptly now, on more Accounts than one.
Time won't allow of thoſe Affairs to ſpeak;
The Morn, yon Window tells, begins to break.
'Tis the Back Dreſſing-Room of Lady *Frown*,
And I ſee *Evans* putting on his Gown.
I have but Time enough juſt to beſtow
A Word's Advice or two before I go—
Know this, that much th' Event depends on thee,
Of thy great Conſequence then mindful be!

And let this Touch of an infernal *Coal*
With Zeal unquenchable inflame thy Soul!
Out-talk, out-act the very Hopes of *Hell*,
In short—Be yet S——l! And *Farewell*.

THUS with the Night the Conference expir'd,
The Devil vaniſh'd, and the Prieſt retir'd.
The Bell that Moment ringing unawares,
Unwilling to be miſs'd, he ſtole up Stairs,
Slip'd on his *Surplice*, and went in to Pray'rs.

FINIS.